J. Waldo. 12 x 64. 28

THE CHOICE of *HERCULES*, AND DRYDEN'S ODE,

As performed by the

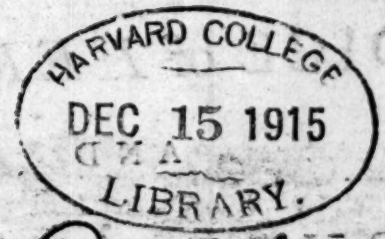
CASTLE SOCIETY,

At *Haberdashers-Hall.*

The MUSICK by Mr. HANDEL.

Printed in the Year 1758.

1746.18



Taylor fund

THE

CHOICE of *HERCULES.*

ACT *the* FIRST.

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

PLEASURE.

SEE *Hercules!* how ſmiles yon Myrtle Plain,
Where numerous ſparkling Rills meandring glide,
'Tis there I fix my jocund Reign,
'Tis there my laughing Train reſide.
There ſmokes the Feaſt, enhanc'd by Muſick's Sound,
Fitteſt to tune the melting Soul to Love;

Rich Odours breathing choiceſt Sweets around,
The fragrant Bower, cool Fountain, ſhady Grove.
Thither thy happy Footſteps will I lead,
Freſh Flowers ſhall bind thy Brow, freſh Flowers
ſhall ſtrew thy Bed.

PLEASURE. AIR.

Come, blooming Boy, with me repair
To theſe ambroſial Scenes of Peace;
There bid adieu to Noiſe and Care,
Embath'd in Bliſs, and wrapt in Eaſe.

PLEASURE. AIR.

There the briſk ſparkling Nectar drain,
Cool'd with the pureſt Summer Snows;
There, tir'd with ſporting on the Plain,
Beneath the Woodbine Shade repoſe.

There, as ſerene thou lieſt along,
Soft warbling Voices, melting Lays,
Shall ſweetly pour the tender Song
To Love, or Beauty's rapt'rous Praiſe.

PLEASURE. AIR.

While for thy Arms that Beauty glows,
That Love awakes its pureſt Fire;
And to each raviſh'd Senſe beſtows,
All that can raiſe or ſate Deſire.

Chorus

Chorus *of Attendants on* Pleaſure.

Seize, ſeize theſe Bleſſings, blooming Boy!
For all theſe Bleſſings are thy own:
Be hail'd the Roſe-crown'd King of Joy,
And reign on Pleaſure's *downy Throne.*

RECITATIVE.

VIRTUE.

Away, miſtaken Wretch, away,
To baſer Ears go trill thy languid Lay;
Go — to thy Revels let the Fools repair;
To ſuch go ſmooth thy Speech, and ſpread thy tempting Snare.

VIRTUE. AIR.

This manly Youth's exalted Mind,
Above thy grov'ling Taſte refin'd,
Shall liſten to my awful Voice.
His Childhood in its earlieſt Riſe
Beſpoke him gen'rous, brave, and wiſe,
And Manhood ſhall confirm his Choice.

RECITATIVE.

VIRTUE.

Riſe, Youth! exalt thyſelf and me; approve
Thy high Deſcent from Heav'n, and dare be worthy *Jove.*

VIRTUE.

VIRTUE. AIR.

Go, aſſert thy Heav'nly Race;
Ev'ry Danger boldly face;
Level Pride's high-plumed Creſt,
And bravely ſuccour the Diſtreſt.

RECITATIVE.

VIRTUE.

In Peace, in War, purſue thy Country's Good,
Bare thy bold Breaſt for her, and pour thy gen'rous Blood.

Virtue, *and* Chorus *of Attendants.*

So ſhalt thou gain immortal Praiſe,
The golden Trump of Fame
Its loudeſt Notes ſhall raiſe,
And 'mid the Gods enroll thy Name.

RECITATIVE.

PLEASURE.

Hear'ſt thou, what Dangers then thou muſt engage?
Dangers that ill befit thy tendet Age;
That tender Age which was but meant to prove
The ſweet Viciſſitudes of Joy and Love.

Pleaſure

Pleaſure *ſolo, and* Chorus *of Attendants.*

Turn thee, Youth, to Joy and Love;
Why, ah why this fond Delay?
Haſte theſe bliſsful Meads to rove;
Gentle Youth, oh! haſte away.

RECITATIVE.

PLEASURE.

Short is my Way, fair, eaſy, ſmooth and plain:
Turn, gentle Youth, with me eternal Pleaſures reign.

RECITATIVE.

HERCULES.

O ceaſe, enchanting Siren! ceaſe thy Song;
I dare not, muſt not join thy feſtive Throng.

HERCULES. AIR.

Yet, can I hear that Dulcet Lay,
As ſweet as flows the Honey Dew;
Can I thoſe Wilds of Joy ſurvey,
Nor wiſh to ſhare the Bliſs I view?

AIR.

AIR.

PLEASURE.

" *Enjoy the ſweet* Elyſian *Grove,*
" *Seat of Pleaſure, Seat of Love:*
" *Pleaſure that can never cloy;*
" *Love the Source of endleſs Joy.*

RECITATIVE.

HERCULES.

O! whither, Reaſon, doſt thou fly?
Purge the ſoft Charm that faſcinates my Eye.

TERZETTO.

HERCULES, PLEASURE, VIRTUE.

Herc. *Where ſhall I go?*
Pleaſ. ——————— *To yonder breezy Plain,*
There ſweetly ſwim in Pleaſure's winding Stream.
Herc. *Where ſhall I go? Where?*
Virtue. ——————— *To yonder lofty Fane,*
There brightly baſk in Virtue's radiant Beam.

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

VIRTUE.

Mount, mount the ſteep Aſcent!
Obey my Voice, and live:

Let

Let thy Celeſtial Birth lift and enlarge thy Thoughts:
Behold the Way that leads to Fame,
And raiſes thee from Earth, Immortal:
Lo, I guide thy Steps, ariſe.

VIRTUE. AIR.

Mount, mount the ſteep Aſcent,
And claim thy native Skies.

CHORUS.

Ariſe, mount, mount the ſteep Aſcent,
And claim thy native Skies.

RECITATIVE.

HERCULES.

The Sounds breathe Fire Celeſtial, and impart
Immortal Vigour to my glowing Heart.

AIR.

Lead, Goddeſs, lead the Way:
Thy awful Power, ſupremely wiſe,
Shall guide me with its ſacred Ray
To yonder lucid Skies;
Shall lift me to the bleſt Abode,
Crown'd with immortal Youth, among the Gods a God.

Chorus of *Virtue*'s Attendants.

Virtue *will place thee in that bleſt Abode,*
Crown'd with immortal Youth, among the Gods a God.

F I N I S.

A

SONG

FOR

St. CECILIA's Day.

The Words by Mr. DRYDEN.

A

SONG

FOR

St. CECILIA's Day.

The Words by Mr. DRYDEN.

A SONG
FOR
St. CECILIA's DAY.

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

FROM Harmony, from heavenly Harmony,
This Universal Frame began.
When Nature underneath a Heap
Of jarring Atoms lay,
And could not heave her Head,
The tuneful Voice was heard from high,
Arise ye more than dead.
Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,
In Order to their Stations leap,
And MUSICK's Power obey.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

From Harmony, from Heavenly Harmony,
This Univerſal Frame began:
From Harmony to Harmony,
Through all the Compaſs of the Notes it ran,
The Diapaſon cloſing full in Man.

AIR 1.

What Paſſion cannot MUSICK *raiſe and quell!*
When Jubal *ſtruck the ſonorous Shell,*
His liſt'ning Brethren ſtood around,
And wond'ring, on their Faces fell
To worſhip that Celeſtial Sound.
Leſs than a God they thought there could not dwell
Within the Hollow of that Shell,
That ſpoke ſo ſweetly, and ſo well.
What Paſſion cannot MUSICK *raiſe and quell!*

AIR 2.

The TRUMPET's *loud Clangor,*
Excites us to Arms,
With ſhrill Notes of Anger,
And mortal Alarms.
The double, double, double Beat
Of the thund'ring DRUM
Cries, Hark! the Foes come;
Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat.

AIR 3.

AIR 3.

The ſoft complaining FLUTE
In dying Notes diſcovers
The Woes of hopeleſs Lovers,
Whoſe Dirge is whiſper'd by the warbling LUTE.

AIR 4.

Sharp VIOLINS *proclaim*
Their jealous Pangs, and Deſperation,
Fury, frantick Indignation,
Depth of Pains, and Height of Paſſion,
For the fair diſdainful Dame.

AIR 5.

But, oh! what Art can teach,
What human Voice can reach
The ſacred ORGAN's *Praiſe?*
Notes inſpiring holy Love,
Notes that wing their Heavenly Ways
To join the Choirs above.

AIR 6.

Orpheus *could lead the Savage Race:*
And Trees, unrooted, left their Place;
Sequacious of the Lyre:

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

But bright *CECILIA* rais'd the Wonder high'r;
When to her ORGAN, Vocal Breath was giv'n,
An Angel heard, and ſtraight appear'd,
Miſtaking Earth for Heaven.

GRAND CHORUS.

As from the Pow'r of Sacred Lays,
The Spheres began to move,
And ſung the great Creator's Praiſe
To all the Bleſs'd above;
So when the laſt and dreadful Hour
This crumbling Pageant ſhall devour,
The TRUMPET *ſhall be heard on high,*
The Dead ſhall live, the Living die,
And MUSICK *ſhall attune the Sky.*

FINIS.